

The Horse.

REARING HORSES THAT WILL LAST.

The following extract from an article in the *Canadian Breeder* is worthy of the attention of those who own draft stallions, and points out a defect which will be generally allowed to be very prevalent in that class of horses. The anxiety to show a mass of beef so as to excite the admiration of those who put so much stress upon more weight, is doing more to injure draft stallions than their owners realize. What the writer says below is eminently true:

"There several reasons why our horses do not last as they should. One of these is that proper care is not taken in the selection of a sire. Stallions are selected for almost everything except longevity. Among the many massive Clydesdale and Shire stallions to be seen at our Industrial and Provincial Exhibitions, how many live long enough to profit by the success of their first two or three years in the stud? At the annual exhibitions held by the Ontario Society of Artists none but new pictures are exhibited. One would think that some such rule prevailed among our exhibitors of big stallions. How many old Clydesdale or Shire stallions are there in Ontario to-day, taking it for granted that a stallion begins to be old after he reaches fourteen? It would be interesting to know what is the average age of heavy draught stallions now kept for service in Ontario. Unless we are very much mistaken, we should find that our big stallions come of a very short lived race. It like begets that how can we expect the progeny of such stallions to be long lived? This is not the case with our thoroughbreds and light harness horses. Terror, one of the most popular and successful thoroughbred sires, is nineteen years old, and as good for the stud as he ever was. Harper is twenty-six years old. Thunder is twenty-seven. Judge Curtis was sold to go to Illinois when seventeen or eighteen years old. Imported Reveller, now on Mr. John Carroll's Clandeboye Stock Farm, near St. Catharines, is one of the most popular sires in Canada, and is still getting first class stock though he is eighteen years old. Indeed the number of old thoroughbred stallions in Canada is much greater than that of young ones.

In the light harness classes old and young horses are both in the stud, but there is nothing to indicate that they are as a rule a short-lived race. The St. Therese Blackhawk, one of the best trotting sires ever bred in Canada, was still comparatively brisk and vigorous when he was thirty-six years old. Clear Grit, though some 23 or 24 years old, was showing no signs of decay when he met with the accident which put an end to his long and useful career in the stud. Grey Eagle was still useful after he was upward to twenty years old, and scores of the best trotting and racing stallions in the United States have proved of the greatest value in the stud after they were upward of fifteen years old. The lesson to be learned should not be hard to learn. The warm-blooded light harness and thoroughbred horses live longer than do the heavy draught stallion. Why this should be is not difficult to determine. In the draught horse every other consideration is subordinated to early maturity and the accumulation of mountains of flesh. The regular draught horse fancier will tell you that it is hard to get an animal "wide" enough to suit him. He must be a moving mountain by the time he is three years old, and he must at all times have flesh enough to cover up anything like ruggedness of outline. On the other hand the thoroughbred or light harness horse is neither pampered nor starved in colthood. He is liberally fed, but the object in his case is to make him warm and not to fatten him. He has too much exercise to permit him to become a shaking mass of fat. If he is not active he is of no use, therefore he is reared with the view of making him light of foot. Even if he is destined for the stud he is not allowed to eat the bread of idleness. If he is a thoroughbred he is almost sure to have some sort of a career on the turf. If he falls on the flat he is put to steeple-chasing, hurdle racing, or perhaps ordinary saddle work. If unsuccessful both on the flat and across country he will hardly find his way into the stud, for while blue blood is highly valued by practical horse breeders, its most enthusiastic admirers do not care for it if it is not accompanied by an ability to perform at least respectably on the flat or over sticks. The same thing is true in a somewhat less degree in the case of the trotting sire. Though much importance is attached to blood lines, a trotting sire that has distinguished himself on the turf has an immense advantage over an equally well-bred horse whose abilities as a trotter have never been developed and proved. In fact the trotting or racing sire usually retires to the stud after having passed through at least two or three years of tolerably active life in the way of training and racing. Beside all this, as great size and weight are not sought after in the case of warm-blooded colts, their growth is not forced by rich feed that is wholly unsuitable for animals of their age. In short, while the trotting or racing sire is reared in a natural way, and one that should be conducive to perfect health, soundness and longevity, the heavy draught stallion is too often forced in his early growth to a pernicious extent, and afterward encouraged to live a life of sloth and gluttony, well calculated to shorten his own life and seriously impair the constitutions of his offspring. Early maturity is all very well for beef animals, where the only object is to produce the greatest quantity and highest quality of meat at the least possible cost, but in the case of the horse the case is altogether different. Every stockman likes to see his colts, calves and lambs of good size and well developed, but no thoroughly rational stockman will induce the early development of his colts by injudicious feeding."

Stable Floors.

A good substitute for plank floor for horse stables, adapted especially for saving liquid as well as solid manure, may be made of concrete, beaten earth or paving, varying with the materials at hand. Earth can be used only when there is no space below, and where its character will admit of beating hard. It must have perfect drainage and plenty of litter used, and as a general rule it is not recommended, for most kinds of earth would soon be worked into mud with the liquid manure. Plank is commonly used, especially if there is a cellar beneath; but in all cases it should be of durable wood, or, better still, the plank should be well impregnated with crude petroleum, with a gas-tar coating outside. Where the stalls are on the ground, concrete made of the best water lime and clean sharp sand makes a substantial and durable floor. It must have a descent of two or three inches, with the same side descent for the gutter, which should be at least a foot wide. If made of poor materials, the first frost will crack and crumble it. A mixture of sand and hot gas-tar will make a hard and durable floor where cement of the best kind cannot be had, but it must have plenty of time to dry and harden. Paving may be used for a floor, if evenly and smoothly laid by an experienced and skillful hand, and if always covered with plenty of litter or absorbent; but whatever mode is adopted, it is all important to see that all is kept perfectly clean, that no filth accumulates, and that no bad odors whatever arise.

Horse Gasps.

The well known trotting stallion Mambrino Rattler, of late owned by Albert Wilson, of Putnam, Livingston County, has been purchased by Fred Mandell, of Fowlerville, Ing County. The price paid was one thousand dollars.

Mr. J. INMAN, of Romeo, Macomb County, has purchased from M-s-s. Savage & Farnum, of the Island Home Stock Farm, Gross Isle, a fine imported Percheron. He is brown bay in color, stands 15 $\frac{1}{2}$ hands high, and weighs 1,600 pounds. Price, \$1,800.

The *Broader's Gazette*: "There is little prospect of a match being arranged between Miss Woodford and Freeland, the racing cracks of last season, the reason being that the Dwyers, who own Miss Woodford, demand that everything shall be arranged to suit their views."

A STYLISH TEAM.—The handsomest team in the city is owned by Mr. M. R. Bissell. In color they are golden chestnut, or light sorrel, the fashionable color for fast carriage horses. Maud S., 2 $\frac{3}{4}$ is of the same color. They are four years old, 15 hands high, and weigh 1,150 pounds each. They are royalty bred; one was sired by Dr. Herr, the sire of Jo Davis, 3 17 $\frac{1}{2}$, and we bought in Kentucky for Mr. Bissell by George Lamphere; the sire of the other one is by Hambleton, owned by A. H. Kortlander, of this city.—*Grand Rapids Eagle*.

SAYS THE LONDON (Eng.) STOCK JOURNAL: "In regard to over feeding of stallions, we are glad to notice that Prof. Williams, of Edinburgh strongly recommends that draft stallions should be worked a little later in winter. This is not only with a view of preserving the horse's procreative powers, but his health. As now, when attacked, his organs not being in a very healthy condition, he is unable to withstand the usual veterinary remedies when in trouble, and succumbs suddenly. The late Mr. Drew was of the same opinion, and every springtime he gave his famous stud-horse Prince of Wales good sweating work in the chain harrow."

THE GOLDSTONES.—During a chat with Mr. Dorsey, when he was north with Epanule, I asked him why the Goldstones had gone from the public gaze. "Well, sir," was the reply, "I gave up breeding several years ago, and some who have them prefer to go with the fashionable crowd and credit them to other stallions. Why in my travels through the country last summer I saw plenty of them, I can tell a Goldstone whenever I see one. It is not in the order of things that a family which gave to the turf Lucille, Fleety and Bella Goldstone, should die out so suddenly. I firmly believe they have gone to swell the ranks of some other family."—*Veritas*, in *Chicago Horseman*.

THOSE who have used the Boss Zinc and Leather Collar Pads and Ankle Boots say they are the best and cheapest, because most durable. They will last a lifetime. Sold by Harness Makers on 60 days' trial. DEXTER CURTIS, Madison, Wis.

The Farm.

BUSINESS SUGGESTIONS.

To the Editor of the Michigan Farmer.

In these times of depression in prices, perhaps a few thoughts in the right direction may show some one where, upon their own farms, there is an opening whereby they can add to their incomes, and that without adding to the over-supply of the great staple crops, which are corn, pork, wheat, wool, meat, and the like.

If we go into our markets early in the spring we find lettuce, cucumbers, cabbages, onions, and other garden products, which have been raised somewhere and shipped to our markets by express, over railroads. If we go where these things are raised we will find that they are the product of hotbeds or green houses. Later in the season we see wagon loads of celery passing from the depots to some distributing point, whose sign bears the words "commission merchant." Now the thought or suggestion that I was going to make is this: If people can make it profitable to raise these things, with commission merchants to pay at both ends of the line, a box or package to ship it in, together with express charges that at all points to which such stuff is shipped there should be an opening whereby parties having the right kind of land can engage in gardening, to the extent at least of supplying their home markets, with profit to themselves.

I have been a number of times upon the great celery grounds of Kalamazoo. A few years ago these gardens were considered a worthless swamp; now they are pointed to with pride. Within a reasonable distance of most of the towns or

villages throughout our State there is land, if properly handled, that will raise these things in sufficient abundance to supply these markets with fresher and more wholesome vegetables than those shipped from abroad, while they bring into use lands that are now looked upon as only worthless swamp or marsh. Such lands will yield larger returns for the labor and capital invested than any other portion of the farm. Such being the case, let farmers desiring more to do, instead of buying more land, look over their present farms and see what can be done with the lands they already have.

When I came to this State some 17 years ago, the swamp buckberry, (or blueberry is perhaps the proper name), was very abundant in many of the swamps. Now they are shipped in from a distance, and we have to pay good prices for an article badly bruised and in bad condition. The efforts of the farmer have been to destroy the source of these berries, as it has been to destroy the timber that the great staple crops might be produced. Could not a profitable industry be built up, now that the entire forest growth is gone, by planting these lands with the blueberry bush, restoring the original moisture as far as may be necessary, to give the best returns of fruit?

See also on our streets cranberries—only eight cents per quart. That means \$2.56 per bushel. Buyers were willing to pay us last fall for pretty fair sheep and lambs, one-half of that price. Now, I have picked, both here and in my old home in the State of New York, with much less labor and far less land than it took to raise the sheep, a bushel of berries. The fact is, as I understand it, where the land is right, and proper cultivation is given it, an acre of cranberries will give as large returns as the flock of sheep that we keep on a good big Michigan farm. Perhaps I can do no better to illustrate what may be on our farms, than by telling a story of a dog that a man kept on the farm that I now occupy, at an early day. He was one of those good natured, ever present dogs, that everybody liked; but to the inquiry of what use the dog was, the owner said he did not know. Perhaps some day he would find out. One night, in the fall, a bear came by; the dog thought he was worthy of his care. Result, the bear treed and captured in a little while, followed by three others. Before winter the worthless cub had become celebrated as a dog that had given his owner good returns. Such, a few years ago, was the condition of the gardens of Kalamazoo—worthless. To day they are valuable. Of whose farms are the lands to be reclaimed?

E. EWER.

The Slat and Wire Fence.

HADLEY, Jan. 5, 1886.

To the Editor of the Michigan Farmer.

As a number around here are thinking of building slat and wire fence, of which the accompanying picture is a representation, I thought it would be of interest to a good many of your subscribers to know if such fence is patented. Please answer in *MICHIGAN FARMER*. J. D.

ANSWER.—We have inquired of various parties and cannot find that this fence is patented. If any of our readers can give any information in regard to it we should be pleased to hear from them. It is a question in which thousands of the farmers of this State are interested.

A BAD PRACTICE.

To the Editor of the Michigan Farmer.

I have noticed in my traveling through the country that a great many farmers in cutting their obnoxious weeds, have a habit of drawing them and putting them in the bed of the highway after the seed has matured, only to be trodden out and washed into the gutters and back on their neighbors' farms, and by so doing scatter seeds over farms on which they are kept properly subdued. Now I think that the highway commission ought to see that no man be allowed to indulge in such a practice as this, and then we would have the roads to the best advantage.

A CORRESPONDENT OF *Farm, Field and Stockman* claims that if horses be fed on good, bright, corn fodder, that has been cut and ensiled in a fodder-cutter, they can be carried over winter and be brought out in spring in better condition, without any grain at all, except a small allowance of oats at night, than they can on corn, or its equivalent, for the reason that they will not only relish the fodder but also because so large a quantity can be grown on an acre that it surpasses the corn in value.

C. B. ROCKWELL, before the Warsaw (Ill.) Horticultural Society, said: "Strawberries require a great amount of moisture to produce large handsome fruit, which is always moist. Irrigation or mulch will furnish this moisture. So few persons can afford the expense of irrigation, that mulch, which is within the reach of every grower, is much preferable. It keeps the ground cool and moist and furnishes a more even temperature, enabling the plants to mature the later portion of their fruit equal to the first in color, size and shape."

A NEW METHOD OF FROST STORAGE was described at the Ohio Horticultural Society's meeting, which is a modification of the old method of burying in cool heaps of earth. A V shaped excavation is made down a hill-side, at the bottom of which a drain is laid the whole length, with wooden trough above covered with slats. Rye straw is spread over the sides of the excavation, and applies by the wagon load placed thereon. These are covered with straw and then with earth above. The trough gives circulation below and terminates in the hole at the lower end may be closed, but should be left open unless the thermometer sinks below 12 or 15 degs. This method is described as keeping apples in good condition until very late in the spring.

A FARMER in Steuben County, N. Y., writes to the Elmira Farmers' Club that he has raised potatoes of several varieties on two portions of a field, one part of which was well manured, the other unmanured. All rooted badly on the manured portion, and but slightly on the unmanured. One-fourth of the burhanks were rotten on the manured part, and one-fifth on the unmanured. One-fourth of the burhanks of the Queen, three-fourths rotten on the manured ground, and one-fourth on the unmanured. Of the Queen, three-fourths rotten on the manured ground, and one-fourth on the unmanured. The yield on the two kinds of ground differed but slightly, although the growth of the stalks was more rank on the unmanured ground." These results might vary on different soils and in different seasons.

PROF. ROBERTS objects to wood for stable floors, because it is not durable and is expensive to renew, and because its capacity for absorbing stable fluids makes it unwholesome and offensive. As a substitute he recommends cement. For ground floors begin below frost and lay a foundation with many large stones, ramming them down well. Level up by filling in smaller ones till an elevation is reached for a gutter and the platform the animals are to stand on. The small stones should be secured by a cement made with one part Portland cement and two parts sharp sand, and these same proportions should be observed in laying all the floor above the small stones. The only

wood he would tolerate about the floor would be enough to cover the platform on which the animals stand. It would have stock stands on wood rather than on stone, as stone is more comfortable. The plank would be held in place by nailing to joists bedded in the cement. For an upper floor he used with entire satisfaction a course of cement covered with another of asphalt. With a free use of asphalt an upper door so constructed proved durable and perfectly tight.

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The Poultry Pard.

A BOSTON man who admits he has the hen fever, has learned the following from the best teacher in the world: "From my experience in feeding fowls, I am satisfied that the best way is to let them feed themselves. I had pens so constructed that the hens could help themselves whenever they felt inclined to. They were fed equally upon oats, corn, and wheat screenings. The hens could help themselves at each, and the result was that about the same quantity of each of these kinds of food was used. I made a mush also from the offal of the table, the potato skins and meal, and gave it to them, although it is necessary that the ingredients or the vital elements of the egg shall be fed. If you look at an egg, you will find that it has the greatest combination of vital elements of any one substance. There is nitrogen for the muscle, and phosphoric acid and sulphur, which are the great vital elements of nature, whether of vegetable or animal life. You must give a hen these vital elements if you confine her in a fixed place where she cannot run at large. Into this mush I put two large handfuls of fresh ground bone every morning, and I added to it still further two des-eruptives of flour of sulphur, and by that means supplied those elements which poultry in confinement cannot get. It is impossible for them to get these elements unless they are supplied. If you stimulate the vitality of the egg, you will add more to its value. You can supply these elements by cutting up fresh meat and scraps, and you will find they are very desirable. The scraps contain more of the nitrogen. Nitrogen develops the muscle of the fowl. When you press out the fat from the lard, and leave only the husk, then you are leaving the larger proportion of nitrogen. If you can, you should reduce the scraps and make them fine, and they will mix more easily. I find that the fowls, unless the scraps are crushed rather fine, will not want to take them. They prefer fresh meat, and as far as possible I have obtained for them the coarse kinds of meat, such as liver and hearts, and keep this fresh meat before them all the time to peck at."

THE COUNTRY GENTLEMAN says: "It should always be borne in mind in estimating the value of any fertilizer, that its market price does not show what it may be worth when applied to land, as there are so many controlling influences in cultivation and in the growth of plants. The only practical test is the applying it to the growing crops.

THE WISCONSIN EXPERIMENTAL STATION has been conducting a series of experiments to determine the relative value of bran resulting from the roller process of flour making, compared with that by the old process, with a rather unexpected result, the advantage being quite decided in favor of that by the roller process.

DUCKS are such heavy feeders that there is no profit in keeping them when the bulk of what they eat must be furnished in grain. It is for this reason that it is only advisable to keep them near ponds or brooks, where they can procure a large part of their food without expense. The duck will thrive just as well with only a tub of water to bathe in and drink, but in such a case they will need an immense amount of food, which with more simple water facilities will not be required.

DURING the winter season it will be found a very good plan, twice or thrice a week, to drop an even teaspoonful of common cayenne pepper into, say, two gallons of water, given to the fowls for their daily drink. This is a grand tonic, and it works very kindly toward warming the blood on chilly days. Another excellent provision is to place at the bottom of the pail or vessel containing their drink a bit of asafoetida. This impregnates the fluid with its tonic qualities, and it is very wholesome for fowls in the winter days.

LET THE LAYING HENS REST AT WILL IN THE BARNYARD. They find grass seeds, partially digested grain, etc., and so require less feeding. If you expect eggs this cold weather, don't forget to give them a hot mash in the morning. Keep a big iron pot hidden under the kitchen table, and into it throw parings of all kinds, also sorts of table refuse, and fill up with small potatoes. Cook until very soft and keep it on the back of the range all night, in order to have it warm in the morning. Before feeding, mash all well, and stir in bran, meal or middlings.—*Poultry World*.

AN INDIANA LADY grew a quarter of an acre of sunflowers for her hens, and reports that she found the seed excellent as an egg-producing food. She always laid eggs in winter when she had sunflower seed for the hens.

GRASS CLIPPED from the lawn and dried, or clover chopped fine, and moistened in milk or water, are greatly relished by hens after the ground has been frozen and green grass cannot be had.

H. A. HONEY the great Cough cure, 25c; Glenn's Sulphur soap heads & beauties, 25c; German Corn Remover kills corn & sunflowers, 25c; Hill's Hair and Whisker Dye—Black and Brown, 25c; Pike's Toothache Drops cure in 1 Minute, 25c; Dean's Rheumatic Pills are a sure cure, 60c.

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The Michigan Farmer
—AND—
STATE JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE.

DETROIT, TUESDAY, JANUARY 19, 1866.

This Paper is entered at the Detroit Post office as second class matter.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

The "Household" Supplement.

From and after this date the subscription price of the MICHIGAN FARMER will be \$1 50 per annum with "The Household," and \$1 25 without. When sending in your subscription state whether you wish "The Household" or not. If you are sending through an agent be particular to specify whether you wish it or not. You will find "The Household" richly worth four times its price—35c per year, or less than half a cent a week.

JOHNSTONE & GIBBONS.

WHEAT.

The receipts of wheat in this market the past week amounted to 57,383 bu., against 103,674 bu., the previous week, and 103,674 bu. for corresponding week in 1855. Shipments for the week were 64,923 bu., against 53,392 the previous week, and 53,509 the corresponding week in 1855. The stocks of wheat now held in this city amount to 2,247,093 bu., against 2,258,637 last week and 692,134 bu. at the corresponding date in 1855. The visible supply of this grain on January 9 was 1,958,176 bu., against 58,645,335 the previous week, and 42,642,988 bu. at corresponding date in 1855. This shows a decrease from the amount reported the previous week of 64,149 bu. The export clearances for Europe for the week ending January 9 were 303,423 bu., against 123,333 the previous week, and for the last eight weeks they were 1,737,341 bu. against 8,446,185 for the corresponding eight weeks in 1854-5.

The business of this market for the past week has been unusually light. It is asserted that this has been caused in a great part by the announcement that elevator storage charges were to be increased, Values, however, have fluctuated within narrow limits, and closed on Saturday at very nearly the same rates as at the beginning of the week. Yesterday this market was weak at the opening, and under unfavorable rumors from other points it looked for a panic for the past week. The stocks of wheat now held in this market, and prices are slightly higher on all grades than a week ago. There is no speculative dealing, while the big crop soaring off investment. But corn is being used up at a rapid rate, and it looks as if values would rule firm through the season. The demand for export is good, and every year sees a large increase in the amount fed on the farms of the country. When corn gets below 40c per bushel it is very cheap feed. Prices here are 33c for spot No. 2, and new mixed at 37c. At Chicago corn is dull and quiet and prices have declined a shade during the week. No. 2 spot quoted at 36c, January delivery at 36c; February at 36c, and May at 36c. The Toledo market is quiet, and spot No. 2 a little higher, being quoted at 39c, and May delivery at 40c. The Liverpool market yesterday was quoted quiet at 43c; 7d. for old mixed, 4s. 2d. for new No. 2, and January, February and March deliveries dull at 4s. 2d.

OATS.

The receipts of oats in this market the past week were 11,631 bu., against 35,199 bu. the previous week, and 15,632 bu. for the corresponding week in 1855. Shipments were 6,033 bu. against 10,740 bu. the previous week, and 3,218 bu. for the same week last year. The visible supply of this grain on January 9 was 2,749,657 bu., against 3,419,351 bu. the previous week, and 2,378,415 bu. January 10, 1855. The exports for Europe the past week were 106,961 bu. and for the last eight weeks were 400,840 bu. against 406,007 bu. for the corresponding weeks in 1854-5. The visible supply shows a decrease of 669,594 bu. during the week. Stocks held in store here amount to 53,021 bu., against 61,819 bu. the previous week, and 14,659 bu. at the corresponding date in 1855. Oats are quiet and steady here, with white relatively the strongest. Spot quotations are 34c for No. 2 white, 31c for No. 2 mixed, and 32c for light mixed. The Chicago market is quiet and rather dull, with spot No. 2 at 38c. January delivery at 28c, February at 28c, and May at 31c. At Toledo oats are quoted dull at 31c for No. 2 mixed spot, and 38c for May delivery. The New York market is dull and generally lower. Quotations there are as follows: No. 2 mixed spot, 38c; No. 3 white, 39c; No. 2 white, 40c; mixed western, 36c; western white, 39c. The fact that the "visible supply" is decreasing, and that offerings are really below the wants of the trade at most points, leads many to conclude that in the next six weeks oats will improve in value.

The following statement gives the closing figures on No. 1 white futures each day of the past week for the various deals:

	Jan.	Feb.	March	May
Tuesday.....	87c	90	93	93
Wednesday.....	88c	88c	91	93
Thursday.....	88c	90	94	93
Friday.....	88c	90	94	93
Saturday.....	88c	90	94	93
Monday.....	88c	87c	93	91

The situation is changing in some respects, but even close observers are afraid to risk much on their judgment of what the course of the market will be. The season is unfavorable for winter wheat, the rapid changes from comparatively warm days and rainy weather to sharp frosts and keen cold dry winds, while the fields are bare of the usual snowy covering at this season, are inclining those who have wheat to sell to hold on to it for the present. Another short crop following that of last season would be an unfortunate

state of affairs for the winter wheat States, and would be certain to send prices far beyond their normal range.

The foreign markets, however, are quiet and even apathetic. The English markets are dull and weak, with farmers offering their homegrown grain freely. It is in poor condition, and can only be used when mixed largely with the hard wheats imported. A cable dispatch says that sales of Indian wheat to exporters have ceased, as prices offered are lower than will be accepted. The price of silver is also said to have advanced, which would work against exports at present values.

The following summary of the situation, which appeared recently in the London, (Eng.) *Miller*, seems to be both fair and logical:

"Stocks cannot be called excessive, nor have the markets suffered from a glut of produce. We hear but little of 'pressed sales,' and, as a matter of fact, current supplies get consumed regularly, or they are absorbed into grainary and mill stocks quite gently without an excessive accumulation. The market is in a position to throw off its chronic dullness whenever opinion favors a change. In the immediate future supply is assured, nor need there be apprehensions of deficiency throughout the whole cereal year. Yet parallel cases of supply and demand just about balancing each other have frequently occurred before when prices were 10s to 15s per qr. above existing quotations. The one pervading idea all over the Kingdom is to get rid of 15s per qr. as high enough range to bring in the decoys when the market is quiet. The foreign market offers to the foreign wheat producer his old cost figures, and already the example is shown in America that low prices are a repellent force sufficient to change production. All these matters will come under notice early in the year, and the real position can scarcely fail to revive confidence. The countries of the world which can profitably grow wheat at 30s per qr. are not many, if there be any such, whilst the attempt to grow it at 15s per qr. is to do dangerously. The present opportunity, therefore, of securing English wheat at 30s, and picking over foreign samples at 30s to 36s, is not to be carelessly dismissed through the months of January to June."

The English markets are quiet and show little change. At Liverpool yesterday the market was dull, with California club at 16, winter at 17s, white Michigan at 7s, 2d., red winter at 7s, 1d., and spring at 7s, 1d.

CORN AND OATS.

The receipts of corn in this market the past week amounted to 25,145 bu., against 63,764 bu. the previous week, and 129,843 bu. for the corresponding week in 1855. Shipments for the week were 64,317 bu., against 44,414 bu. the previous week, and 45,541 bu. for the same week last year. The visible supply in the country on January 9 amounted to 1,915,063 bu., against 10,255,337 bu. the previous week, and 5,441,117 bu. at the same date last year. The visible supply shows a decrease during the week of 1,067,334 bu. The exports for the Europe the past week were 1,150,042 bu., against 1,816,158 bu. the previous week, and for the past eight weeks 8,093,535 bu., against 6,748,807 bu. for the corresponding period in 1855. The stocks now held in this city amount to 2,247,093 bu., against 2,258,637 last week and 692,134 bu. at the corresponding date in 1855. The visible supply of this grain on January 9 was 1,958,176 bu., against 58,645,335 the previous week, and 42,642,988 bu. at corresponding date in 1855. This shows a decrease from the amount reported the previous week of 64,149 bu. The export clearances for Europe for the week ending January 9 were 303,423 bu., against 123,333 the previous week, and for the last eight weeks they were 1,737,341 bu. against 8,446,185 for the corresponding eight weeks in 1854-5.

The business of this market for the past week has been unusually light. It is asserted that this has been caused in a great part by the announcement that elevator storage charges were to be increased. Values, however, have fluctuated within narrow limits, and closed on Saturday at very nearly the same rates as at the beginning of the week. Yesterday this market was weak at the opening, and under unfavorable rumors from other points it looked for a panic for the past week. The stocks of corn now held in this market, and prices are slightly higher on all grades than a week ago. There is no speculative dealing, while the big crop soaring off investment. But corn is being used up at a rapid rate, and it looks as if values would rule firm through the season. The demand for export is good, and every year sees a large increase in the amount fed on the farms of the country. When corn gets below 40c per bushel it is very cheap feed. Prices here are 33c for spot No. 2, and new mixed at 37c. At Chicago corn is dull and quiet and prices have declined a shade during the week. No. 2 spot quoted at 36c, January delivery at 36c; February at 36c, and May at 36c. The Toledo market is quiet, and spot No. 2 a little higher, being quoted at 39c, and May delivery at 40c. The Liverpool market yesterday was quoted quiet at 43c; 7d. for old mixed, 4s. 2d. for new No. 2, and January, February and March deliveries dull at 4s. 2d.

OATS.

The receipts of oats in this market the past week were 11,631 bu., against 35,199 bu. the previous week, and 15,632 bu. for the corresponding week in 1855. Shipments were 6,033 bu. against 10,740 bu. the previous week, and 3,218 bu. for the same week last year. The visible supply of this grain on January 9 was 2,749,657 bu., against 3,419,351 bu. the previous week, and 2,378,415 bu. January 10, 1855. The exports for Europe the past week were 106,961 bu. and for the last eight weeks were 400,840 bu. against 406,007 bu. for the corresponding weeks in 1854-5. The visible supply shows a decrease of 669,594 bu. during the week. Stocks held in store here amount to 53,021 bu., against 61,819 bu. the previous week, and 14,659 bu. at the corresponding date in 1855. Oats are quiet and steady here, with white relatively the strongest. Spot quotations are 34c for No. 2 white, 31c for No. 2 mixed, and 32c for light mixed. The Chicago market is quiet and rather dull, with spot No. 2 at 38c. January delivery at 28c, February at 28c, and May at 31c. At Toledo oats are quoted dull at 31c for No. 2 mixed spot, and 38c for May delivery. The New York market is dull and generally lower. Quotations there are as follows: No. 2 mixed spot, 38c; No. 3 white, 39c; No. 2 white, 40c; mixed western, 36c; western white, 39c. The fact that the "visible supply" is decreasing, and that offerings are really below the wants of the trade at most points, leads many to conclude that in the next six weeks oats will improve in value.

The following statement gives the closing figures on No. 1 white futures each day of the past week for the various deals:

	Jan.	Feb.	March	May
Tuesday.....	87c	90	93	93
Wednesday.....	88c	88c	91	93
Thursday.....	88c	90	94	93
Friday.....	88c	90	94	93
Saturday.....	88c	87c	93	91

The situation is changing in some respects, but even close observers are afraid to risk much on their judgment of what the course of the market will be. The season is unfavorable for winter wheat, the rapid changes from comparatively warm days and rainy weather to sharp frosts and keen cold dry winds, while the fields are bare of the usual snowy covering at this season, are inclining those who have wheat to sell to hold on to it for the present. Another short crop following that of last season would be an unfortunate

DAIRY PRODUCTS.

BUTTER.

There is nothing favorable for buttermakers in the present position of the market. Trade is quiet, receipts, especially of ordinary stock, quite heavy, and the demand far from active. Quotations show no change, and a very fair article of butter can be obtained from the commission houses at 16c, and 17c@18c where a choice package is wanted. Quotations from first hands are 15@16c for choice dairy, 12@14c for fair to good, and 10@11c for off grades. Creamery is firm, ranging from 25@30c for good to extra fine stock. The "substitute" manufacturers are selling their compounds at 13@14c, which they are enabled to do through the low prices ruling for lard and tallow. The Chicago market is more active but lower. Creamery stock is quoted at 29@30c for fancy, choice at 27@28c, ordinary at 26@25c; good dairy is in demand and selling at 18@22c per lb. for good to extra fine stock. The New York market is slightly better on choice creamery and the best table butter; but the general demand has not improved. Trade is only fair. State dairy must be gilt-edge to command above 26c and it is not meeting with much demand. Western packed goods are only moderately active, as a rule, but really nice imitation creamery and the finest factory made stock do not appear to accumulate and receivers feel a little more cheerful. Ralls are not wanted and have to be forced somewhat in order to dispose of them. Quotations in that market yesterday were as follows:

Creamery, fancy.....	33	234
Creamery, choice.....	31	232
Creamery, prime.....	29	230
Creamery, good.....	25	227
Creamery, ordinary.....	20	224
Creamery, fancy.....	19	218
Creamery, choice.....	17	218
Creamery, prime.....	15	218
Creamery, good.....	12	216
Creamery, ordinary.....	10	216
State dairy, prime.....	12	216
State dairy, choice.....	10	216
State dairy, good.....	8	216
State dairy, ordinary.....	6	216
Western factory, choice.....	11	218
Western factory, prime.....	10	218
Western factory, good.....	8	218
Western factory, ordinary.....	6	218
State half-drikin tubs and pails, fancy.....	23	228
State half-drikin tubs, etc., prime.....	22	228
State half-drikin tubs, etc., ordinary.....	20	228
State dairy, ordinary, 10 lbs. each, 100 lbs. to a case.....	20	228
State dairy, ordinary, 10 lbs. each, 100 lbs. to a case.....	18	228
State dairy, ordinary, 10 lbs. each, 100 lbs. to a case.....	16	228

WESTERN STOCK.

Western imitation creamery, choice..... 23 224

Western imitation creamery, prime..... 21 224

Western imitation creamery, good..... 19 224

Western imitation creamery, ordinary..... 17 224

Western dairy, prime..... 15 219

Western dairy, good..... 12 218

Western dairy, ordinary..... 10 218

Western factory, choice..... 11 218

Western factory, prime..... 9 218

Western factory, good..... 7 218

Western factory, ordinary..... 5 218

State half-drikin tubs and pails, fancy..... 23 228

State half-drikin tubs, etc., prime..... 22 228

State half-drikin tubs, etc., ordinary..... 20 228

State dairy, ordinary, 10 lbs. each, 100 lbs. to a case..... 20 228

State dairy, ordinary, 10 lbs. each, 100 lbs. to a case..... 18 228

State dairy, ordinary, 10 lbs. each, 100 lbs. to a case..... 16 228

State dairy, ordinary, 10 lbs. each, 100 lbs. to a case..... 14 228

State dairy, ordinary, 10 lbs. each, 100 lbs. to a case..... 12 228

State dairy, ordinary, 10 lbs. each, 100 lbs. to a case..... 10 228

State dairy, ordinary, 10 lbs.

Farm Law.

Inquiries from subscribers falling under this head will be answered in this column; the replies are of general interest. Address communications to Henry A. Haigh, Attorney, Buhi Block, Detroit.

Verbal Contract for Sale of Growing Timber not Binding.

PORTLAND, Dec. 31, 1865.
Law Editor of the Michigan Farmer.

As I have been a subscriber of your valuable paper a long time I would like to ask for information about buying a piece of timber on the stump, as is done. I bought a piece of timber, parting down and in balance, standing, of a man who was guardian of the owner of it, and paid the price asked for it, with nothing but a verbal contract, and went on and cut a part. A few months ago, the guardian resigned in favor of the minor's brother, and he, the present guardian, forbids my cutting or taking any more of the timber off the ground. I ask through the columns of your paper if I have any right to do so or not. He says I have already taken enough to pay me.

SUBSCRIBER.

Answer.—Standing timber is regarded in law the same as land; it is real estate, and a verbal contract for the purchase of real estate is not binding. So far as the contract has been executed, and the timber cut and carried away, the contract will be valid. And as to the timber which is lying upon the ground the contract may be good. But title to growing timber cannot be passed by verbal agreement.

THE FARMERS' LAW BOOK.

The number of our subscribers who on renewing ordered Mr. Haigh's book on Farm Law is remarkable. Following our previous announcement the orders reached for a time as high as twenty per day, and the commendations received were of a gratifying character.

The Honorable Theodore Nelson, State Superintendent of Public Instruction, in a letter before us, states that from an examination of the work he finds that it will be of value not only to the farmer and business man, but to the teacher and student.

Prof. W. J. Beal, so well known to our readers for his practical good sense, says: "Its perusal will benefit every farmer beyond its cost."

We say again to our subscribers, who have not yet received the book: If you want a good practical law book that will give you plain, common sense information on all the questions likely to arise in your farm or business experiences, send in your orders before the edition is exhausted. Already the full-calf edition is gone, and we can only supply the half-calf style.

We will send this style with the Farm-
er for one year, postage prepaid, on receipt of \$35. Remember the book is a large, handsome volume of over 500 pages, and that such law books usually sell at \$5. Address Johnstone & Gibbons, 44 Larned Street West, Detroit, Mich.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS

THOROUGHBRED STOCK FOR SALE.

Shorthorn Bulls.
Six from \$9 to 23 months. Three from 24 to 36 months old.

Poled-Angus Bulls.
Eight from 12 to 18 months. Eleven from 20 to 36 months.

Jersey Bulls.
Four from 6 to 36 months old.

Also a number of pedigree young cows and heifers of the various breeds, all in good growing condition, not overfed, and will be sold at reasonable prices.

Horses.
A number of superior thoroughbred and grade horses, all bred by the noted Rossells, and some of the best stock in the country, offered at very reasonable prices. For catalogue and particular address JOHN TELFER, Manager, WALKERSVILLE, Oxt.

GEORGE BRAIDWOOD,
IMPORTER AND BREEDER OF
PERCHERON HORSES.

CLYDESDALE HORSES.
PERCHERON-NORMAN
HORSES, ENGLISH BRED, TROT-
TING, ROADSTERS, IMPORTED
FRENCH COACHERS, CLEVELAND
HORSES AND SHETLAND PONIES.

High-Bred Shorthorn Bulls For Sale.

Particulars of the animals offered by the principal dealers in the country, and the best breeds in the State, and have taken no premiums at the Michigan State Fair in the past five years that are other than the best.

John T. Telfer, Manager, WALKERSVILLE, Oxt.

L. C. DRAKE,
WESTON, - MICH.,
BREEDER AND DEALER IN
PERCHERON HORSES,
- AND -
MAMMOTH BRONZE TURKEYS.

Stock for sale. Correspondence solicited.

Shorthorns For Sale.

Those who may desire to purchase Shorthorn cattle, either male or female, will no doubt find it to their interest to correspond with the undersigned before purchasing elsewhere. Correct information and pricing stock for sale will be cheerfully given.

N. A. CLAPP,
Milford, Mich.

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Poetry.

MY WOLVES.

Three gaunt, grim wolves that hunt for men,
Three gaunt, grim wolves there be;
And one is Hunger, and one is Sin,
And one is Misery.

I sit and think till my heart is sore,
While the wolf or the wind keeps shaking the door,
Or peers at his prey through the window pane
Till his ravenous eyes burn into my brain.

And I cry to myself, "If the wolf be Sin,
He shall not come in—he shall not come in;
But if the wolf be Hunger or Woe,
He will come to all men, whether or no!"

For out in the twilight, stern and grim,
A destiny weaves me'st for him;
As a spider weaves his web for flies;
And the three grim wolves, Sin, Hunger and Woe.

A man must fight them, who her or no,
Thought of in the struggle the lighter dies.

Te-night I cry to God for bread,
Te-morrow night I shall be dead;
For the famines are strange; and scarcely sane
That fill like specters through my brain;
And I dream of the time, long ago,
When I know not sin, nor Hunger, nor Woe.

There are three wolves that hunt for men,
And I have met the three,
And one is Hunger, and one is Sin,
And one is Misery;

Three pairs of 'ys at the window pane
Are burned and branded into my brain,
Like signal lights at sea.

—Francis Gerry Fairfield.

LITTLE WOMEN.

In a precious little stone
What a splendor meets the eyes!

In a little lump of sugar
How much of sweetnes lies!

So a little girl can have
In a little box multiples.

You recollect the proverb says:

"A word unto the wise."

A pepper-corn is very small,
But seasons every dinner,

More than all other condiments,

Although it's sprinkled thinner;

Just so a little woman,

If love will let you her,

There's not a joy in all the world

You will not find wit in her.

And as within the little rose

You find the richest dye,

And in a little grain of gold

Much price and value lies;

As from a little balsam

Much odor doth arise—

In a little woman there's

A taste of paradise.

The skyark and the nightingale,
Though small and light of wing,

Yet warble sweeter in the grove

Than a lile birds that sing.

And so a little woman,

Though a very little thing,

Is a sweater far than spring,

And flowers that bloom in spring.

—From the Spanish.

A LEGEND BEAUTIFUL.

'Twas thus the Dervish spoke: "Upon our right
There stan's, unseen, an angel with a pen,
Who notes down each good deed of ours,
and then—
Seals with his knees in the Master's sight.
Upon our left a sister—an angel.
Keeps daily record of each evil act;
But, greatest love, folds not the mournful sheet
Till deepest midnight, when, if conscience
racked.
We lift to Allah our repen'tant hands,
She smiles and blots the record where she stands;
But if we seek not pardon for our sin,
She seals it with a tear and has it in."

Miscellaneous.

CHRISTMAS EVE AT WALSHAM GRANGE.

Walsham Grange—I have been requested to alter all the names—stood about six miles from the sea. A lonely, desolate old manor-house, with a bad name among the people round. Some horrible murder had been committed there in days gone by, and the house was haunted. Madleigh was the nearest village, some three miles off, and queer tales were told by belated travelers of fearful shrieks and strange lights flitting from room to room. It was, in fact, a regular haunted house of the old school. Well, my great uncle married and wanted to settle down somewhere in the country. "Look here, Ferriers," said his friend Bruffton, "here's the very thing for you. Take Walsham Grange off my hands. My wife hates a country life, or I would live there myself. It seems a pity to let the old place go to wreck and ruin for want of a tenant. But no one will stay because of the nonsense about the ghosts. But you are a sensible man, and you shall have the place, grounds and all, for a mere song. And I tell you what, you give a regular good Christmas party, fill the house with friends, invite us down and we'll find out all about the ghosts and you can see how the place suits you." Ferriers was delighted at the notion, and they determined to go down together first to see if they could discover anything before their wives and their guests arrived. They agreed to say nothing about the ghosts to any one, especially the servants, who were to follow them as soon as possible. So off they started by the Exeter coach, having sent word to the house-keeper to prepare for them.

Evening was just setting in when they reached Walsham Grange. They were delighted to find a capital repast ready for them, and were a good deal amused at the conduct of the old house-keeper and his wife, who lived in a cottage hard by and evidently dreaded staying so late in the great house, and were thankful when the time came to say "Good night."

After the constant rumble of the coaches the old house seemed painfully silent. However, they chattered merrily, the fire crackles cheerfully and they are about ready to talk of going to bed when "bang" goes a door in the next room. They remember that they closed that door after a careful inspection of all the rooms on the first floor. They seize candles and rush out, pistol in hand. Yes, the drawing-room door is shut. There is no draught. What on earth can have closed it? Oh, what's that? The door at the other end of the room is suddenly flung open. Ferriers runs up, sees something dark and fires.

"I say, old fellow," says Bruffton, try-

ing to laugh, "don't do too much of that. It's bad for the furniture. That was your shadow."

Nothing more happened, so they persuaded themselves that it must have been the wind. And so, after a smoke and a glass of grog, they went to bed. The next morning they thoroughly explored the whole house, from cellar to garret, but found nothing.

In due course their families and guests arrived. Not a word was said about the ghosts; but after dinner, when they were all in the drawing room, doors were suddenly heard slamming violently. Our friends eye each other askance. And, hark! What's that? A low wail, commencing far away at first, but gradually coming nearer and nearer, and culminating in one awful shriek! What is it? The ladies begin to scream and faint, and all the servants come rushing in, scared out of their wits.

This helps to restore the scattered courage of the gentlemen; and, the last unearthly yell having died away, Ferriers proposes that the men should at once institute a search for "the miscreant, sir, who is trying to frighten us." All the servants are there; and their unmistakable alarm shows plainly enough that they knew nothing of the mystery.

"We must go at once," says Ferriers, "and discover the rascal. Ghosts? Pooh! Nonsense!" But, for all that, the ladies would not be left alone. So it ended in the whole party going over the east wing, where the screams seemed to originate. The gentlemen were continually soosing each other in the gloom; and quite a struggle took place between two old gentlemen before either found out their mistake. However, this served to raise the company's spirits; and, as nothing could be seen or heard, they readily accepted the suggestion of a footman. "Perhaps it's cats, sir."

And so, feeling infinitely relieved, they all went merrily to bed. An hour or so passed away in silence; when suddenly a yell of agony rang through the house. It was not a moment before all the gentlemen were in the hall, armed to the teeth. Shriek follows shriek in close succession. The ladies in their rooms are screaming, and adding to the general uproar; then one last frightful yell, and all is still once more! The rest of the night passes quietly enough, and at dawn the household gets a little sleep. The servants, however, give warning the first thing in the morning that they would not spend a week at this Grange for any price. Every one looks scared and shabby at breakfast; and one guest, Mrs. Ross, is quite hysterical, sends at once for a chaise, and declares she will die if she sleeps another night in the house. And so she goes away, taking the only three unmarried ladies with her.

She said she was just dozing off to sleep, when a strange creaking noise awoke her. At first she thought it must be the wood fire, which was still smouldering on the hearth, when, to her awful horror, she saw a panel of the high wainscot slowly sliding down, and behind it the most frightful couple she had ever seen—a masked man and an old woman. The former softly stepped into the room.

Then she saw what she had never before observed. Bending lovingly over a cradle just before the fire was a beautiful girl. She was singing a quaint little lullaby as she gently rocked the baby to sleep. Suddenly she looked round and shrieked with terror as she saw the hideous form behind her, with one hand extended towards the cradle. A moment more and they were struggling together—anything to protect her child from the man. Then he drew his dagger; but the poor girl, in her endeavor to keep him from reaching the cradle, had pushed it near to the open wainscot. In an instant the old bairn threw herself forward, and clutched the still sleeping child, uttering as she did a loud yell of triumph. Shriek after shriek rang from the wretched girl.

Then the man struck her down with his dagger and leaped through the panel, which was closed directly after him! Mrs. Ross rushed to the door in an agony of terror; but, stumbling over a chair, fell senseless to the ground. When she recovered, daylight was streaming through the room; but there was no trace of girl or cradle, nor any sign that a struggle had taken place. After Mrs. Ross had gone a complete search was made in her room; but no sliding panel could be found. However, that night the gentlemen sat up, determined to discover the mystery. Well, just about a quarter to 12 up gets Mr. Woodbury, and says to his host:

"Look here, Ferriers, you're a sensible man, and you know you don't believe in ghosts; and I think it's not right for us to lead ourselves to such absurd folly; and, in fact, as a father of a family, I shall not consent—to—watch for a ghost—So good night!"

And off he goes to bed. After this, first one and then another gets up, glances at the clock, and says, each in more or less the same words, "Yes, you know it's only cats, Ferriers; and Mrs. Ross had nightmare. I agree with Woodbury; so good night!" At last Ferriers finds himself alone. It wants just two minutes to 12. He hesitates. Presently a dog begins to howl. This is too much—and Ferriers bolts.

Well, the shrieks that night were worse than ever; and next day all the guests went away. Ferriers and his wife, of course, couldn't spend Christmas there alone, so they went too; and the old house was once more left dark and deserted.

So Walsham Grange was simply uninhabitable, much to the disgust of Bruffton and my great-uncle Ferriers. Lights were seen burning more brightly than ever in the windows of the old place; and many a shepherd passing after dark was half scared out of his wits by the awful shrieks which echoed through the deserted house.

Of course, the story about the ghosts from the Grange made a great sensation in all the villages round, and kept everybody's tongue wagging for months. In town, too, all the guests were questioned over and over again by their friends, who constantly got up special dinner parties on purpose to hear all about the ghosts from the lips of one who had really been in a haunted house. But while nearly all

the visitors to Walsham declared they never had passed such a terrible time before in their lives, and would not enter the old house again for worlds, there were a great many friends who lamented bitterly that they and their husbands had not been invited. Well, Christmas-tide was fast coming round again, and one day who should turn up but Ferriers's brother Jack, a young Lieutenant, on leave for Christmas, from his M-jeasty post Tackler, lately employed off the south coast endeavoring to put down the smuggling that went on there to an enormous extent. So Master Jack was full of anecdotes of hair-breadth escapes and adventures with smugglers both by land and sea. "Ah, Jack," said Mrs. Ferriers, "that south coast is indeed a dreadful place!" And then she told him all about the ghosts at Walsham Grange.

Good Americans, when they die, go to Paris. Bien! My terrestrial paradise is Brussels—Les Bruxelles—with its sombre glory of mediæval grandeur, relieved by the flashing brilliancy of its gay boutiques; its hosts of warriors in dazzling uniforms; its capoted priests; its round-faced Flemish bonnets, beneath whose abbreviated petticoats the little feet, shod in wooden sabot, patter merry music on the pavement.

This bijou Paris is a dream to me, glorified by the remembrance that here I fell down metaphorically and worshipped the sweetest ideal of womanhood painter's brain could picture—Maria Wigson.

I grant that Maria is not a romantic name; that Wigson does not suggest poetic surroundings and blue-blooded refinement; but bless you, that tall, graceful girl with the dreamy brown eyes, would have double-discounted in a match of queenly beauty the proudest Princess in Christendom.

I sat opposite to her one fatal day at the table d'hôte of the Hotel de l'Europe, and forthwith collapsed, without an effort to save myself from my fate.

Before the fish and soup were removed, I felt the thrilling influence of her presence; with the entremets I reached a seventh heaven of adoration; and when the tasse of black coffee with a dash of cognac in it arrived, I had the last fragment of my shattered heart a willing sacrifice to the shrine of her incomparable loveliness.

Infantry and artillery marched past us. Now comes a fanfare of trumpets, and a glittering group of horsemen appear. It is Gen. Trentinck, who approaches with the King's two sons on either side, followed by his staff.

Every hat is off. Loud voices ring on the air. Ladies wave their fluttering kerchiefs, and bright smiles greet them on all sides.

Just as the corage approaches us a breakdown gun wagon causes a halt.

Can I believe my eyes? There, at the right side of the gray-haired veteran, is the handsome young Crown Prince, the Duke of Brabant; and as I live, that same gallant cavalier is none other than the impetuous stranger I met at the cigar divan—the very golden youth I had told to withdraw, he makes a bristling show at a martial parade.

More unmettable than icebergs, they frowned down every approach on my part with an "ugly aspect" that disdained to scrape acquaintance with a poor devil of a wandering Yankee journalist.

But I had for a time to confine my expression of admiration to tender glances, for my divinity was hedged in by an insurmountable barrier in the shade of a father and mother who were, without exception, the stiffest, starchiest specimens of British nobility it was ever to meet.

More unmettable than icebergs, they frowned down every approach on my part with an "ugly aspect" that disdained to scrape acquaintance with a poor devil of a wandering Yankee journalist.

Before the fish and soup were removed, I felt the thrilling influence of her presence; with the entremets I reached a seventh heaven of adoration; and when the tasse of black coffee with a dash of cognac in it arrived, I had the last fragment of my shattered heart a willing sacrifice to the shrine of her incomparable loveliness.

Now comes a fanfare of trumpets, and a glittering group of horsemen appear. It is Gen. Trentinck, who approaches with the King's two sons on either side, followed by his staff.

Every hat is off. Loud voices ring on the air. Ladies wave their fluttering kerchiefs, and bright smiles greet them on all sides.

Just as the corage approaches us a breakdown gun wagon causes a halt.

Can I believe my eyes? There, at the right side of the gray-haired veteran, is the handsome young Crown Prince, the Duke of Brabant; and as I live, that same gallant cavalier is none other than the impetuous stranger I met at the cigar divan—the very golden youth I had told to withdraw, he makes a bristling show at a martial parade.

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THE CITY, AFTER ALL.

like the country—when I'm in the town—And think it fits to mix up with the "hoses," Cows and sheep; to grow rough-skinned and brown; And gress of pigs and calves the gains and losses; To ride in carts up the hills and down. Compared with which the city's joy but grass's. To plow and plant and spread the land with plow.

So delightful—when I'm at the Astor.

But when I'm really out upon a farm, Monopolized by the plow-tail trading; When foot and draft and sheep-rot cause alarm, And "tramp-tramp" and back-sheep come of digging. There remains some a loss of all the charm. That loses a trifle, from a distance judging, So, after all, I still prefer the city As less barny-a, potluck fed a-d gritty.

A HORSE FAIR IN IRELAND.

The Methods Used to Dispose of the Animals Graphically Described.

To a novice an Irish fair appears to be Pandemonium let loose. The main street is the show-ground and ride, and a convenient field, with a stone wall or two, serves the purpose of the "manage." Such a whooping and yelling! Drovers of wild young colts, rough, unkempt-looking animals running madly about, with Pat riding barebacked as easy as a glove, with nothing but a "bit of a twig" and a halter for a bridle. "Whist! but that's a lepper, yer honor; be aye now on her, Tim," shouts the proprietor of some raw filly, as Tim negotiates the wall with a cock of his eye. Perhaps you turn round to look at the "lepper," and by the mercy of Providence just escape being trampled to death by a whole troop. Pulled this way, shoved that, hot and thirsty, you at last gain a place of safety, and are able to look on for a few minutes in peace. Meanwhile the dealers are not idle, and bargains mingled with glasses of potheen are flying about in every direction. If you happen to be in the know you will see a horse bought for £30 ready cash, which for market purposes was to have been a £70 transaction. Every conceivable class of animal is here, both biped and quadruped. The hunter which, if properly got up, will fetch in England a couple of hundred is side by side with a screw not worth as many pence, and the autorat of the dealer's yard may be seen in close confabulation with what looks very like a prime dynamiter; while above all the din and jangle floats an aroma of whiskey and tobacco, to say nothing of blarney and bad language.

As the day wears on prices lower a little. Indeed, few of the know ones complete their bargains until late, excepting in the cases of some really high class gees. But what is going on in the corner of the wall? A small crowd is gathered there, and from your position you can just make out one of the men who crossed in the boat standing opposite a true son of Erin in a middle of a small ring, and seeming either fighting or endeavoring to shake him by the hand—wuh? You cannot quite make out. Presently the crowd breaks up with a cheer, and you can see plainly now the two men shake hands, and to your surprise, money passes between them. Can it have been a prize fight after all? No, it is only a deal, and if we come a little nearer to this new lot that are forming a ring we shall see. As we approach a line is formed, and the vision of a flying colt appears, ridden barebacked by a bright looking lad. Over the wall is the order, and Pat, steadying his mount takes it in first class form. Then the crowd closes in and two figures stand opposite each other—England and Ireland. "Well, what's the price," says England. "It's just the frostiest little horse in the fair this day, and I'll not be selling him under £120, and that's dirt cheap," replies Ireland, holding out his hand. "Forty," says England, making a dive at the paw. Ireland is too quick, however, and snatches it away before England can grasp it, saying at the same time with an air of disdain: "Forty! and for a baste like that the Lord Lifesmen would be proud to be seen on. It is trying to blarney me that you are? I'll just let you have it for \$100 and not a penny less," and out goes the hand again. This time England springs a tanner, and the same pantomime is gone through with the exception that England nearly catches the outstretched member this time, which raises a laugh and "Mind yer eye, Pat," from the crowd. After every bid this goes on, and at sixty-five England catches Ireland by the hand and laughs it heartily, thereby signifying that it is a fate. The crowd cheer and the two go off together to cement the bargain with a "drip of the crater." This is the way most of the deals are carried on, and it is an unwritten law that if you happen to be quick enough to catch hold of the hand after your offer the horse becomes Great Disraeli Swamp, and said:

"I can't make out a single letter. It's an old board, and all Greek to me; and I don't know where in thunder we are."

With a bellow groan I yielded to my fate. I crept out of my dry warm nest. The pitiless storm made a straight shoot down the back of my neck, supplying me with shudder a yard long. I waded though ten or twelve linear feet of mud and flood. My feet were soaked to the com plasters. I was mud to the eyes; my comfort was gone, but I must get home. Painfully I climbed the pole. Vainly I groped along the guide board with my nose. In the desperation of despair, I tried to light a pocketful of wet matches by rubbing them on the sleeve of a dripping India rubber overcoat, while I clung to the board with one hand. I knew if once I slid down that muddy, slippery pole I never could get up again. I wept, I groaned, I sighed, I—s—s—I said—I—oh dear me! I said what the wicked driver did! At last just as my benumbed, wearied arms were losing their hold, a widening rift in a cloud let a pallid finger of light reach through and touch that delaying guide board. "Now" shouted the driver encouragingly. I rallied, pulled myself up close, and eagerly, hurriedly picking out the letters. I read:

"Use Gambrel's Spavin Cure."

Minister who at the meetings usually made very long prayers and exhortations, asked one evening why only about ten lepers expressed their thanks. A member quickly responded that "he supposed that the first one who spoke took up all the time."

On the whole, however, things are very fairly carried out, and there is an im-

Prefers the Cash.

The Bell made a small advertising contract with N. W. Ayer the other day. The ad. was to go in 13 times, top column, next to poetry, following and preceding marriage notices, paper sent regularly during life of contract, electrotype used, failures to insert made up, editorial mention, electro underlaid, 8 mo. ff., e. o. w., d & w., p. d. q., etc. No pay if these conditions are not lived up to. They now write us and say, that "if you prefer it to cash we will send you the amount in cash."

Who is Godfrey, anyhow? When did he compose his composition? Is it prose or poetry? Rubber composition, you say. Stretchers, probably. Lies, perhaps. No; we can make that kind of composition right here in our office without Godfrey. Ah, we see now; it is the composition with which to make rollers to use on the press. Godfrey around Philadelphia, snatching the discarded gum shoe off the ash heap of poverty and lassoing the rub keeled aristos from the front hall of wealth and fashion. Godfrey gets up little excursions for ancient and modern rubber during the day and at night after his folks have had supper and got the baby to sleep he tries out the product of the day's assessment in a brass kettle. He fires in the tramp rubber, picks up the costly overshoes, jerks off the running gear and drops that is too. After it is melted he sets it out in the woodshed to cool, and the next morning takes it around to N. W. Ayer & Son and sells it. And they, in the goodness of their hearts, offer it to the poor, distressed country editors the same as cash!

The farmer, thinking that this was a good opportunity to secure a strong fellow, who would take low wages, and not quarrel with the very plain fare of his kitchen, questioned him, and finding that he was used to farm work, engaged him. Then remembering that he knew nothing of the youth's character, he added:

"But I maun ha'e your character, ye ken, Jock. I engage no man without a character. Can ye bring me a good aye for last minister?"

"Oo, ay," returned Jock.

And it was agreed that he was to bring the required document to the Sun Inn, where the farmer intended to dine at one o'clock.

At one o'clock punctually, Jock arrived at the Sun, and with some difficulty made his way into the room where the farmer's ordinary was being held.

"Weel, ma lad, have you got your character?" asked the farmer.

"Na! but I've got yours, an' I'm comin' in!" cried Jock, as he bolted into the room, amid the roars of the assembled company.—*London Life*

The Use of Kerosene and Gasoline Oils.

There is no economy, looking at the matter from the monetary standpoint alone, in burning low grade oil in lamps.

The danger consequent upon the use of poor oil is undeniable, in the face of the record of accidents so frequently occurring.

The best oil is not only cleaner, safer and more economical, but gives better results. If the highest-grade oil will last longer in a lamp than poor oil, the same will be true of its use in oil stoves, and makes it more economical than low-grade oil. Lamps and oil stoves should receive careful attention. They must be kept clean; should be freshly filled every day; have well-fitting wicks, free from gum and dirt; and the flame should not be allowed to run too high. If these precautions are attended to properly, and the best oil used, good results will be insured.

We hardly need say that the best grades of gasoline should always be used in gasoline stoves. The best oil is cleaner, more economical and is far better for the burners than poor, light, gummy oil. There are no wicks to be attended to, and only care is necessary in its use to secure the best results. No leaks must be permitted in the reservoir or pipes. Care must be used not to spill the oil or allow it to flow from the burners unlighted. Gasoline is more inflammable than kerosene. If gasoline is spilled upon the floor it may be lighted and burned, but it cannot be exploded.

It will, if let alone, burn itself out, and will do so without setting the wood on fire.

Something should be said respecting the treatment of spilled oil or gasoline on fire. It is better to leave it alone than to lose one's head; better far do nothing than do the wrong thing. It is only oil on fire; it is not dynamite and will not explode. The manner of its burning is the same as that of paper or shaving.

Oil is a concentrated form of fuel, and a small amount of it will develop more heat than a considerable quantity of paper.

Prompt action is, therefore, often necessary in dealing with burning oil. Being fluid, it is readily dispersed about a room, and may spread fire to all parts of a room if improperly handled. The first care is to prevent the spreading of the oil. This is just what is not done in a great many cases. An instance recently reported is that a man, grown to mature years, a man reckoned intelligent, prudent and careful, took an ax and attempted to chop down the reservoir on a gasoline stove, because some oil had been spilled and caught fire.

There was great rejoicing in the Tuffoy family. The fly-by-night express had torn off a precious package, marked eight pounds and a half, and as it was only the fifth visitation of Providence there was reason for rejoicing. Jimmy was thoughtful, decidedly thoughtful at breakfast, and finally spoke out:

"Pop, I guess I shall have to move out."

"Why, sir? Are you not satisfied with your position here, sir?" asked his father, ironically.

"Yes, fairly satisfied; but it strikes me that this family is getting a little too thickly settled."

"PARDON me, sir, but I think you are carrying my umbrella. I could swear to that ivory handle, anywhere. If I had not recognized that instantly, I should not have presumed to stop you. That carving is done—"

"Spare me the details, please. It is altogether probable that this is your property. I have no particular claim upon it."

"Then how did it come to be in your possession?"

"It was left by a burglar who got away with most of the family silver."

"I guess my umbrella was a size larger than that, after all."

MISS CLARA (young Feathery)—"Mamma and I were discussing a certain rule of table etiquette just before you came in, Mr. Feathery. Mamma thinks it is perfectly proper to take the last piece or bread on the plate, while I contend that to do so is violating a rule almost as fixed as the laws of the Medes and Persians. You must decide for us, Mr. Feathery."

"Mamma—'Yes, Mr. Feathery, please do so.'

Mr. Feathery—"Well—er—really, ladies, you place me in a somewhat embarrassing position. You see, I am only slightly acquainted with the Meades, and I've never even met the Persians."

"KATHARINA—'No, sir, I Scarcely Sudden, sheep and Nervous Pains In-tan-tely relieved by the CUTICURA Anti-Pain Plaster. 2cc.'

MAUD and her George were in the parlor,

may be disposed of by touching a lighted match to it. Burning kerosene should be smothered as quickly as possible, for it will burn longer, blacken the walls more with smoke, and be more likely to set other things afire.

If people could manage to retain their senses on such occasions, and not become infatuated with the idea that the lamp or stove is about to "explode," accidents with burning oil might usually be got along without serious results. But the idea of "explosion" "breaks them all up," and an effort is instinctively made to pitch the lamp or stove out of the house.

A lamp with the flames shooting out of the top may often be safely carried out of doors. But if it is taken in the hand only to be dashed to the floor, the danger from fire is increased a hundred fold. If a burning lamp is carried at one side, instead of directly in front of a person, there will be greatly less liability of the clothing catching fire.

It may be said that when an accident of the character here considered occurs, people do not think of the proper things to be done. That is true, but they might think if they would. If first of all they would rid themselves utterly of the idea that either kerosene or gasoline is "explosive," and would think beforehand what should be done in such emergencies, they would ordinarily be able to act with intelligence and prudence, and thus prevent damage, suffering, and perhaps loss of life.—*American Artisan*.

VARIETIES.

GREAT PRESENCE OF MIND.—"Chancellor" Godfrey is one of the best known men on the bench.

He is a standard authority on all track matters, and is never nonplussed, no matter when or where he is asked the question.

On one occasion, in a race, the trotter which had the pole was clearly getting the best of the others, when the driver next to him yelled to Crawford, who was driving on the outside: "He's getting away with me, Crawford."

"Run him into!" answered Crawford.

"They'll expel me, won't they?" asked the driver.

CHAFF.

A common password—"The butter, if you please."

The favorite flower of the impudent swell is the rose.

"What is your idea of love, Mr. Sninnick?"

"Three meals a day and well cooked."

The pupil of one's eye is made to attend to business by the lash that is held over it.

What is the difference between a Catholic sister and a Catholic woman?—*Nun*.

BUTCHER.—"Porter house, steak, madam?"

"New Landlady!"—No, boarding house."

WHY is the North Pole like an ill lit whiskey manufacturer?—Because it is a secret still.

WHY is a room full of married people empty? There is not a single person in it.

There is a men's aye between a cap and a cap, but not half as many as there ought to be.

Men are a good deal like dried apples. When they are soaked in the water of prosperity they begin to swell.

JONES must have been pretty seasick going to Europe when he threw up his engagement with his girl.

There are numerous individuals who look upon the thing they haven't got, as the only thing worth having.

IT is curious how much faster a street car goes when you are running for it than it does when you are riding on it.

WHY is a broker not a broker, but does any one know of another man who has furnished so many stock quotations?

Bald men sit in the front row at the spectacular drama because they know people can see over their heads easily.

WHERE is the best place for a young man to learn the corset? On the ocean, at least three marine leagues from land.

WHY is the last place to be engaged except the one at the end of the street? It is the last, but not least.

DR. TANNER says that with the unadvised eye only five thousand stars can be seen. Dr. Tanner has evidently never been on skates.

IT is possible for a man to commit murder and keep his secret for years. But no man can eat an onion and hide his crime for 15 minutes.

OLI EPTH.—Under this roof, and under these trees, lies the body of Solomon Pease. He is not here, but only his pod—He's shell'd out his soul and gone up to God.

COME here, Walter, and let me shave you, too," said Uncle Alfred, who was temporarily employed, to his five year old nephew. "No, I can't do that yet."

"Dad, I chose y' I said he was a fool. See how much interest he has lost already on his new house," he said, with a sly, impudent response; "my whiskers ain't ripe yet."

IT is possible for a young man to be more than a little ridiculous.

LITERARY MAN (laughing)—"Yes, I took to literature naturally. I was vaccinated from a quill, you know."

Friend (grimly)—"The world would have been the gainer if you had been vaccinated from a pick or shovel."

"NEXT door," said a dapper clerk in an Albany furnishing shop to a fat-necked stone cutter who asked for a 19-in. collar. The cut-necked man bought out the next door, and it will do so without setting the wood on fire.

IT is a good idea to keep your umbrella in the trunk of your car.

IT is a little altitude in height, the wearer will be provided with a neck as long as the giraffe's, or he can't wear a hat on his head.

PRESIDENT ELIOT of Harvard University, and the head cook of a Boston hotel receive the same salary.

IT is a little altitude in height, the wearer will be provided with a neck as long as the giraffe's, or he can't wear a hat on his head.

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(Continued from last week.)

farmers of this vicinity (I am sorry to say) will plant their crop, and then think it will take care of itself, and when harvesting will tell as an excuse for the weeds, that the ground was full of foul seeds, and they got the start of them, then they had not the time. Now you must go at those weeds root and branch; give the soil a good cultivating, and when you are through one way, why just go the other way, and keep going. Don't stop because it looks clean. Thorough cultivating of the soil is what makes the corn. A large amount of work is what makes full barns.

H. B. P.

KEEP THE DOOR OPEN.

To the Editor of the Michigan Farmer. I was amused to note in your report of the meeting of the Michigan Shorthorn Breeders' Association, a desire on the part of the members to shut out cattle from other States from competition at our State Fair, by urging the State Fair Association to exclude all cattle but those owned in Michigan, from entry to their grounds.

The resolution appointing a committee to confer with the State Board to this end I consider is too small to emanate from "the broad brain" and "big heart" of a cattleman. The reason for this exclusion was ostensibly to protect Michigan herds from contagious diseases, likely (?) to be brought in by these foreign herds. But while this is the reason assigned, the truth was the herd from Ohio (last fall) was in "just a little" too fine rig for them.

Speaking for Michigan Hereford breeders I can frankly say that we fear no competition, and from a tolerably fair knowledge of Michigan Shorthorns, I should say there are herds that need fear no competition; while there are some old foxes who think they can cling to notions long ago flung away by progressive breeders, and bring their stock in lean condition to the fairs, and successfully compete; and if not successful they want to run the machine so that rules and regulations will exactly fit their herds and exclude competition.

It is true that Michigan produces some of the finest beef cattle that the world has ever seen, but still in the Buffalo market the proverbial "little Michigan" steer sells as low or lower than anything else. We must in Michigan produce the fittest finished beef, mutton and pork obtainable. To do this we are forced to stall feed, and by stall feeding only can the greatest results be obtained. We want now good herds; above all, we want good Hereford herds established. It is to this breed we must turn to take away the prejudice against the little Michigan steer, but if occasionally you find a man who is not ready to believe in the Hereford just yet, by all means let him have something else temporarily, a Shorthorn or Aberdeen-Angus, and my word for it, this will see him a Hereford man, i. e., if he is at all desirous of making money. If we want to compete successfully at the fairs, let us get our stock in condition to win, and if we cannot get ready let an outsider show us how; if we cannot show what can be made of well bred animals, let an outsider educate our farmers.

Come, ye cattlemen of Michigan, broaden your ideas, get out of the old rut, don't be afraid to feed. Breed a good class of stock and then feed, feed high. Ample grain and care are bound to be the trump cards. Ye men of means, don't be afraid of investing \$500 in a single animal, and let the outsiders step in and take all the plums.

Let us put money and brains into the cattle business, and then, for the sake of our grand old State, don't make the dollars offered at our State Fair as big as earthwells, and endeavor to pocket them without even giving Indiana, Ohio and Illinois a chance. These latter States think they can produce corn and cattle better than we can, let us open their eyes. Pawn your shirt, but don't start the stock.

Before closing I want to add a few words about excluding cattle from the Michigan fair on account of contagious diseases, as alleged at the Shorthorn breeders' meeting.

Nothing has accomplished so little good and so great a harm to fine stock trade as local and State quarantine. Absolutely no good has come of it, and valuable shipments of stock have been detained, and in some instances trade has been stopped.

What we want is not local quarantine, but co-operation and effective work in securing legislation, and an appropriation large enough to enable the bureau of animal industry to destroy every vestige of contagious pleuro-pneumonia, which is now positively confined to two or three small areas on the Atlantic seaboard.

There is no fear of disease from any of the herds that appear at our State Fair. So let us look to the interests involved, and not be selfish; open competition to the world, and prepare to win a portion of the honors available.

SOTHAM.

Farmers' Institutes for 1886.

At its annual meeting in Lansing, the State Board of Agriculture arranged dates for Farmers' Institutes to be held in various parts of the State as follows:

Feb. 2 and 3, at Hudsonville, Ottawa County, to be attended by W. J. Beal, R. C. Carpenter, Samuel Johnson.

Feb. 4 and 5, at Rochester, Oakland County, to be attended by R. C. Carpenter, E. A. A. Grange, R. C. Kedzie.

Feb. 9 and 10, at St. Louis, Gratiot County, to be attended by L. McLoth, A. J. Cook, W. J. Beal.

Feb. 11 and 12, at East Saginaw, to be attended by R. C. Kedzie, E. A. A. Grange, F. S. Kedzie, L. McLoth.

Feb. 15 and 16, at Grass Lake, Jackson County, to be attended by S. Johnson, E. J. McEwan, L. H. Bailey, F. S. Kedzie.

Feb. 17 and 18, at Quincy, Branch County, to be attended by A. J. Cook, E. J. McEwan, L. H. Bailey, R. C. Carpenter.

President Willits and Secretary Reynolds will attend all the Institutes.

Jackson County Shorthorn Breeders' Association.

The Editor of the Michigan Farmer.

The second annual meeting of this Association will be held at the Common Council rooms, in the city of Jackson, on Thursday, January 28th, 1886, at ten o'clock, A. M. The following is the programme arranged for the meeting:

Reports of officers and election of new officers.

"Shorthorn Talk," L. D. Watkins, Manchester, Mich.

"The American vs. the English Breeder," J. S. Flint, S. Merriam, Mich.

"Breeding and Feeding Shorthorns for the Show-Ring," W. E. Boyden, Delhi Mills, Mich.

Paper by Prof. Samuel Johnson, Agricultural College, Mich.

JOHN F. DREW, President.

JOHN C. SHARP, Secretary.

Veterinary Department

Conducted by Prof. Robert Jennings, late of Philadelphia, Pa., author of "The Horse, Andes, Diseases," "Cattle and other Diseases," "Sheep, Swine, and Poultry," "Horse Training," Made available to the public by the proprietors of this journal to regular subscribers free.

Articles desiring information will be required to enclose a stamp of 10 cents.

No question will be answered by mail unless accompanied by a fee of one dollar.

Order that correct information may be given, and that the question may be answered.

Price—Market ready at \$10 per cent.

No. 2 is quoted at \$6 34c, new, mixed at \$10 34c, and no high mixed at \$7 34c.

Onions—Market easy at \$20 34c, and No. 2 mixed at \$30 34c.

Barley—Market steady at the recent advance.

No. 2 State is quoted at \$10 40 per cent.

By sample prices range from \$10 30c to \$10 40c, not recovering partly before the close.

Prices were as follows: No. 1 white, \$10 30c; No. 2 red, \$10 40c. In future, No. 1 white, May, \$10 30c; No. 2 red, \$10 40c; No. 3 white, \$10 40c; No. 4 white, \$10 40c.

Feed—Market dull at \$6 34c per bushel.

Coarse middlings at \$12 75c 18c, and fine at \$14 50c 16c.

Butter—Market dull at \$6c per lb.

Good butter's stock at \$20 34c 18c per ton; coarse entirely neglected. Butter substitutes, 12 1/2c 14c.

Cheese—Michigan cream, 11 1/2c 13c; cheddar 14 1/2c 16c.

Eggs—Market steady at 18c 19c for fresh stock, while preserved are dali at 14c 15c.

Fruit—Apples dull and quiet; quoted at \$1 20c 18c per bushel, choice stock at \$1 30c 25c.

C. Roe sold Webb 100 lbs of 18c per bushel.

Bentley sold Wreford & Beck 50 good butchers' steers and 100 lbs of 18c to \$1 25c; M. Ren, 80c; May, 9 1/2c.

Beef—No. 2 is quoted at \$6 34c, new, mixed at \$10 34c.

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No. 2 State is quoted at \$10 40 per cent.

By sample prices range from \$10 30c to \$10 40c, not recovering partly before the close.

Prices were as follows: No. 1 white, \$10 30c; No. 2 red, \$10 40c. In future, No. 1 white, May, \$10 30c; No. 2 red, \$10 40c; No. 3 white, \$10 40c; No. 4 white, \$10 40c.

Feed—Market dull at \$6 34c per bushel.

Coarse middlings at \$12 75c 18c, and fine at \$14 50c 16c.

Butter—Market dull at \$6c per lb.

Good butter's stock at \$20 34c 18c per ton; coarse entirely neglected. Butter substitutes, 12 1/2c 14c.

Cheese—Michigan cream, 11 1/2c 13c; cheddar 14 1/2c 16c.

Eggs—Market steady at 18c 19c for fresh stock, while preserved are dali at 14c 15c.

Fruit—Apples dull and quiet; quoted at \$1 20c 18c per bushel, choice stock at \$1 30c 25c.

C. Roe sold Webb 100 lbs of 18c per bushel.

Bentley sold Wreford & Beck 50 good butchers' steers and 100 lbs of 18c to \$1 25c.

Beef—No. 2 is quoted at \$6 34c, new, mixed at \$10 34c.

Barley—Market steady at the recent advance.

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